THE SUBURBANITE AND HIS EARLY MORNING RACE WITH AURORA

The Sunrise Invasions and Twilight Retreats of a Peaceful Army—Employes of the Government Departments and the Great Stores of the Capital City Who Live in the Suburbs.

Beginning Their Toils of the Day in Gay and Happy Mien With Bodies Nourished With Country Food and Cheeks Reddened by Country Air—Men With the Atmosphere of Thought

"Let Me See: Mother Said Four Yards of ——"

Pa and Ma Come to Town on a Shopping Tour.

EVERY morning an army invades Washington by a hundred avenues of approach, by the railroads, by the car lines, by the lanes and highways, an army which never camps on the battlefield, but retires to the hills around the city every evening, an army whose soldiers are counted by the hundreds. This army is composed of the suburban residents of Washington, who are employed by the various enterprises within the city limits. They advance upon Washington in sections, a trained and disciplined army of veterans and conscripts. They come down in serried, orderly ranks to do battle with the city dweller on his own ground; they come with the country food swelling their bodies and the country air reddening their cheeeks.

If you will take up a position near either of the two great railway stations you can watch the advance. First, the suburban army throws forward its skirmishers and franc-tireurs. These attack early so as to take the enemy by surprise, as it were. Their ranks are composed, for the most part, of young men and boys, ranging in age from twelve to nineteen and twenty. The larger stores employ the boys as bundle wrappers, cash messengers, door openers and petty clerks.

The young men are employed in lawyers' offices, for the most part, where they are expected to do everything, from sweeping out the office to hunting up references in musty law books.

Then, too, there are young girls, the vivandieres, who accompany this movement. They work as "centrals" in the big telephone headquarters, as clerks in the great department stores and the innumerable little ones. On they sweep, crowd after crowd, rank after rank, spreading all over the city, forming deeper and deeper about the large stores, until they have covered the entire business section of Washington.

Nearly All Carry Baskets.

One peculiarity of these conscripts is that almost every one of them carries his luncheon. Your young city employe bolts his midday meal in the downtown eating house, but the suburbanite brings his lunch along and eats it between whiles, when the busier part of the day is over. These lunches are like a breath of fresh, cool, country air to them.

At 8:30 the character of the advance changes. The heavier battalions are being brought forward to support the firing line. The daughters of the regiment grow fewer and give place to the young guards. Mechanics, with huge, muscular hands, small caps set well back upon their shining hair, and a briar or a corncob between their teeth, begin to appear. They carry small leathern lunch boxes.

The older women clerks also appear at this hour. Salesladies, waitress ladies, scrub ladies, hundreds of callings send forward their detachment.

The Main Army in Action.

At 8:45 the real attack is uncovered. These are the clerks employed in the different departments of the Government. Ah! the regulars at last, after so many recruits and volunteers. Here is the young man who has been lately promoted, and is already married upon the strength of it. He lives in a vine-covered cottage with dwarf shade trees in the tiny front yard. He is buying it upon the installment plan. He walks with erect carriage and springy step of the conscript in his second year. No longer is he a mere recruit, but is approaching the seasoned veteran. His prospects, his chances of promotion, his little schemes of turning an honest penny outside of his desk work in the office give length and quickness to his stride. There is a certain dignity about him withal, as he thinks of the tremendous consequences to the great governmental machine were he to draw his red ink pen under the wrong figures or put the wrong number on a document. He has doubtless a little wife to meet him at the station on his way home of an evening and to wave her apron shyly at him in the morning as he stops at the corner for a moment before dashing after the train. Or maybe his fiancee is waiting for him to be promoted and they are building the most ridiculous plans on the smallest of foundations.

Very often this clerk carries a lunch with him done up in a neat napkin.

Then there is the young girl who, perhaps, is taking care of her parent brothers and sisters at home. She is a typewriter and stenographer in a musty lawyer's office and has to spell words wrong to agree with her crusty employer. Or maybe she keeps a set of big leather-bound books in a little bank of an office and has to get out a monthly balance sheet.

Then the Nabobs Appear.

The old guard comes last of all. This is composed of Government clerks who occupy high positions under Uncle Sam, the chiefs of bureaus, the heads of divisions forming the staff of the suburban army. Men of grave aspect are here who carry the atmosphere of thought along with them. Men who are rising rapidly in the public service. Then there is the spinster clerk, an acrid flavor to her speech. She has been in the Government employ for many years and is an efficient, painstaking employe. The daily round of work—lunch—work—has become her life and she knows how to make every dollar of her salary tell.

Then there comes the detachment of those who are not of the hewers of wood and drawers of water, those who are well enough off, as this world goes, to do without work. Here is the smart gentleman farmer, with a strap running under his boot to hold his trousers in place. He carries a light switch or a hunting crop and he cuts at the pieces of paper along the way. He has come to the city to dicker over a bit of meadow land which he don't want to sell, and which the agent won't buy.

The matronly old lady comes in on the same train. She has a neat wicker basket under her arm. It contains a half a dozen fresh eggs, a fried chicken, a pat of country butter, and a jar of gooseberry preserves, with a little square of white paper over the mouth. These dainties are for her nephew who is a struggling law student, and is waiting for his first case. She is just the sort of old lady who makes the most toothsome cookies, and has a legion of nephews and nieces, each of whom is her favorite, and each of whom she calls "dearie."

Then there is the old lady and gentleman who are going to see Shredder, Leach & Shredder, the attorneys, to be tricked into signing the deed that will deprive them of their old home. The old gentleman is bent and his hair is white and the old lady helps him along the street.

Then there is the wealthier class, the men who own big enterprises and who do not arrive in Washington until 10 o'clock; handsomely dressed women the elite of the suburban towns. They come down to Washington to pay a party call, to inquire after the health of an indisposed friend, to wish some acquaintance God-speed on the summer trip to Carlsbad, and the German spas.

How these people must have had to run to catch their trains, jumping over pools, plowing through muddy roads, rushing to the station and catching the last rail on the caboose in a desperate leap and losing a boot in the frantic effort. What grim, hand-to-hand engagements they must have had before they left home with the hired man and the hired girl.

One peculiarity every soldier in the suburban army has in common, conscript, veteran, sharpshooter or granadier—everyone carries a bundle of some size or weight. You might think they were smugglers running the blockade. If the Czar of all the Russias saw them coming into St. Petersburg he would pack them off to Siberia for Nihilists. Each package might contain a bomb. Or are there death-dealing cucumbers or prize cabbages in these mysterious bundles? Tell us, oh "subbubs" tell us for the love of truth, what is in 'em.

If you stand inside the station you hear an odd jumble of noise and the mixture sometimes takes on a semblance of connection.

"I've got all my hens cooped up"—"it's fine, rich land. How much did you pay for it?"—"three cents a yard, not a penny less"—"he's engaged to the girl of his heart"—"she's a cook at the squire's"—"so I borrowed Mrs. Mahan's forks"—"and the tramp says to me"—"Atherton has no chance for mayor"—"it's a beautiful place and only five miles and a half from the nearest station."

Jests on the Country Folk.

The suburbanite has been the butt of many a joke in the comic weekly. Humorists have satirized his joys until we are tired. But never mind, "subbubs," if they do poke fun at you. You can see if you've half an eye that it all comes from jealousy. People in the city know as well as you do that the suburban resident has the right view of things. The city is no place for a man to spend his afternoons. You must get back to Nature at night if you would do your work properly the next morning. It is only right and fitting that a man's work and his rest should be placed as far apart as possible. The journey to and fro will do him an immense amount of good. It makes him leave the cares of office life outside the circle. It enables him to shift the burden of the day's work, to lay it aside, and to look forward to rest and relaxation.

Sometimes the suburbanite bemoans the lack of gas, the sights and sounds, and the convenience of city life; sometimes he observes a profane silence when the serenading cricket is in unusually good voice; then his wife will lead him into the little, cozy parlor, smooth his hair and play his favorite tunes on the piano while she sings for him in a throaty, vox humana voice. Then "subbubs" seems to forget all his troubles and to become reconciled to suburban life. Think what a pleasure it is to watch the sprouting of the different vegetables. Even though most of them never come up, the satisfaction when they really do will amply repay the waiting. Then, too what you would spend on a pleasure trip to some of the places of amusement outside the city can be invested in a gilt chair, or a scarf for the mantelpiece, or a picture in colors of "Grandma"—though, of course, it isn't your grandmother, you know.

If the gods have given you enough enthusiasm for the game, you may go back to the station of an evening and watch the suburban army in retreat. It is a sad and somewhat of a solemn thing—an army in retreat. But it is not so in the case of these troops. They have the prospect of a ride through the cool of the evening, the glimpses of green forest and meadowland, the swift dash of the light electric car around the curve, the fascination of fast motion.

The Government clerk is one of the first to retreat, his front covered with a light cloud of the richer citizens of Washington who are of the wealthier class and return home when they please. He steps along without much weariness, for his daily work is comparatively light and does not demand very much of his energy. Not long afterward comes the lawyer's clerk, fagged out after his day of confinement in the office among the moldering law books. He carries the burthen of several reprimands from his impatient employer with the grim possibility of a future dismissal. The vivandieres have lost the jaunty step of the morning and the marching air is no longer heard.

The older women clerks show signs of fatigue and there is a tired look in the eyes of even the stoutest grenadier. Here is the old gentleman who gets a large salary because he has been connected with the Government service for many years. He has to be wheeled to the station in a chair. His family have grown accustomed to seeing his pay come in every month and they wish to keep him alive as long as possible, for want stares them in the face if he should die. It is pathetic to see the old man's efforts to assist himself and the feeble way in which he sinks back in his wheeled chair.

The End of It All.

Here is the brilliant rear guard, the wealthier merchant, the society woman, the higher government official. The merchant looks as if he had had a hard day at the front, the deep marks about his lips and eyes are apparently growing deeper yet. His hair is thinning and his physical energy must be replenished before he can go back to a day of active endeavor over his desk. The society leader has laid aside the demi-mask she has worn during the day and seems to be a little weary too. The Government official takes off his hat and reclines at ease in the railroad car while he looks absently out of the window. He appreciates every sniff of the invigorating country air and seems to grow stronger every mile. The suburban army seems tired, it has lost some of the easy swagger of the morning, but it is still strong and will be able to meet the morning's work in better trim than the ranks from the city.

PUCK'S DREAM OF A GIRDLE AROUND THE EARTH IN FORTY MINUTES REALIZED

A Fairy Tale of Science That Has Been Accomplished in the New Cable Which Spans the Wide Pacific.

THE United States has again achieved the impossible! During the past week it was announced that the Pacific cable would be in working order by the Fourth of July; messages of congratulation were to be sent from President Roosevelt to the different foreign countries, by way of the new line, and preparations were made to observe the event, as being of value to this country and the great powers of the East.

Naturally, upon the completion of this cable, the mind recalls the achievements of Field, the great captain of industry, and the men who laid the Atlantic cable in the face of discouragement and partial failure. A portion of this man's life has passed into history, and the year 1866, as well as the name "The Great Eastern," has a genuine meaning for every schoolboy. Today there are more than a dozen cables across the Atlantic, and, with the new Pacific line in operation, we have well nigh made good Puck's boast "to put a girdle round the earth in forty minutes."

The completion of the Pacific cable marks the last chapter in a long but interesting tale of wire laying and wire pulling. A Pacific cable had long been the dream of the enterprising men of the Pacific Slope a dozen years ago. They declared that it would add greatly to the business, both home and foreign, of their section. Many contended, however, that it was impossible because of the great distances between the landing places. Driven from this position by cold facts, they still held that it was impracticable in view of the enormous cost of construction and maintenance. Many and varied were the proposals made to Congress, notwithstanding, by different companies, all of whom demanded a large bonus upon the completion of the line. For many a year the echoes in the two great chambers, in the corridors and committee rooms at the Capitol were tired of repeating the word "cable." Speeches were delivered which nobody listened to, figures and statistics were adduced, and "heart to heart" talks were given in angles about the hallways. None of the proposals was accepted by Congress.

The Spanish-American war furnished the promoters a powerful argument in their favor, emphasizing the necessity for some means of communication with our new possessions in the far East, which should be at once swift and sure. "It would be impossible to hold the Philippines in a firm grip without the cable," said the lobbyists. Congress was again bombarded with bills and more proposals, some favoring Government ownership and operation, others demanding a tidy bonus for a private enterprise. Congress retired to its shell to chew and digest the matter before it.

In the meantime the project of starting a Pacific cable had attracted the attention of John W. Mackay, a California millionaire. With the Irishman's assurance and dash, he determined to round out his career by laying the cable. He asked for no subsidy or Government patronage. Instead he proposed to reduce the cost of sending a cable dispatch from $2.35 to $1 a word; to allow the Government to make its own terms for the transmission of official business, to take entire control of the cable in case of war, and to purchase it at any time at any appraised valuation.

"Suffolk's imperious tongue is stern and rough," says some one in Shakespeare. The tongues of Mackay's opponents were extremely rough, and even virulent. He was called a "mad Irishman" and what not. Those who were in favor of subsidizing a cable company turned upon him, and those who favored Government ownership and control joined their ranks. But Mackay minded them not a jot. If the Irishman was mad, there seemed to be a deal of method in it. He knew that the cable would have to hang like a clothesline upon a number of poles, and while his enemies were howling he had quietly let the contracts for the laying of the first section of the cable between Frisco and Honolulu.

The Strife in Congress.

This was done before Congress had appropriated a dollar for subsidy or even considered the advisability of Government ownership and control. In 1902 the storm of opposition against Mackay rose to a gale. A battle of words was fought in Congress, between the supporters of the subsidy idea and those who were arrayed under the banner of Government control. The intentions of the Commercial Cable Company—an alias for Mackay—were publicly assailed by his opponents.

In the closing hour of the heated debate a gentleman arose and declared that a fellow-member was indebted to his imagination for his facts regarding the progress of the Pacific cable. A hush fell over the House; the statement in the form of a query was cabled to England and forty minutes later the clerk of the House read in his even tones the reply, stating that 1,065 miles of the cable had been completed and that the rest was being laid at the rate of 26 miles a day. The Government ownership supporters were completely floored; and the cable company, flushed with triumph, promised to complete the line by December 31, 1903. On January 1 the Hawaiian section was finished and the completion of the entire line yesterday shows how shrewdly Mackay guessed the day and measured the work.

A Monument to Mackay.

The Pacific cable may well be regarded as a monument to Mackay. He labored incessantly for its completion and practically gave his life to that end, dying as he did abroad and on the eve of completing the contracts for the sections beyond Hawaii.

The length of the Pacific cable is 8,000 miles and it cost $15,000,000 to lay it. For electrical reasons it is not possible to work a cable of this great length direct so there are three intermediary stations—Honolulu, the Midway Islands and Guam. A corps of expert operators, electricians and other employes will be sent to every post.

Coral worms have built up the Midways, which are only a few feet above the sea level and covered with a sandy soil. Small trees, somewhat like the sagebrush of the great Western deserts, are the only form of vegetation which will grow on the islands. Sand gradually forms about these stunted trees and rises into small hills. The tree dies then and the hill as gradually sinks to the level of the surrounding sand. The Midways are not often touched by ships, and the operators are expected to lead a quiet life listening tothe booming of the surf and watching the constant shifting of the great sand dunes. Roomy houses have been erected for the operators, evaporating and ice plants installed, and almost every provision for their comfort has been made. Ship loads of rich soil will be sent to these islands in the hope of covering them in time with productive ground.

Cable Rests on American Soil.

It is a matter of pleasure to be able to say that all the points touched by the cable are American soil—a fact of strategic and commercial importance to the United States. From Guam the line extends to Manila and thence to Shanghai. The last section was set up at the earnest suggestion of President Roosevelt himself, who considers direct communication with the East of great advantage to the United States. It would have been easier to reach China by way of a line already established from the Philippines to that country. The extension cost the company $2,000,000, but it is not considered a necessary factor in the big system.

At Shanghai the line connects with Chinese and Russian overland lines, the southern cables, and with Japan. With the completion of this extension the Mackay interests, placed in half a dozen companies and virtually controlling all, will operate an unbroken line of telegraphic communication from Paris to Shanghai, from the center of modern civilization to the center of the civilization of centuries ago. This belt will encircle over two-thirds of the globe and is unequaled by any other system in the world.

Will Put New Life Into Trade.

It is expected that the new cable will divert from the older Eastern lines a large part of the traffic between England, America and the East. Prior to the opening of the Pacific cable a message from Washington to Manila was relayed or retransmitted fifteen times; now it is retransmitted only five times, a great saving in time as well as doing away with the possibility of error. Business exchanged with England can now pass across the American continent from Manila with seven retransmissions; by the old route seven retransmissions were required. In preparation for the increased business expected the company controlling the Pacific cable has doubled its transcontinental lines and is arranging to build two new lines with copper wires across the West, which will give it independent routes to the Pacific.

PIG'S FEET A CURE FOR SLEEPLESSNESS

"THE story that the Siamese minister had not been able to sleep for a month, not even for a few minutes, may seem incredible to persons accustomed to their eight hours every night," said a specialist in neurasthenia, "but in the profession we are constantly coming across such instances. Most persons would suppose that a man or woman going without sleep for a month would succumb to sheer exhaustion. Nothing of the kind. Many patients refuse to take narcotics, no matter how long they go without sleep, and when they do feel that way the doctor seldom insists. I had a patient this winter who never slept a wink for forty-two days. He was suffering from a common form of insomnia. I got his digestion all right inside of a month by regulating his diet and giving him a hearty meal of pigs' feet about three hours before bedtime. It was as successful as it has been in other cases. No, I don't say that there is any virtue in pigs' feet as a sedative, but in the digestive process they induce restful slumber, quite different from the stupor sleep induced by heavy feeding."

"IF I WERE ONLY A MAN."

"ONE often hears the expression in women, 'Oh, if I were only a man!' 'I would give anything to be a man!' In all honesty, then, or in as much honesty as she is obliged to have, is not woman, when she is thinking of living her life over again, thinking of living a man's life? Is not she wishing to set an example to her, and for whose discipline she is believed oftenest to indulge what seems a vain aspiration?

"A very strange thing in regard to this is that men are never heard sighing to be women. The weakest, the unhappiest, the most abject of men is not known to wish himself a woman; and when he considers living his life over again, it is certainly a man's life that he has in mind. He is perfectly willing to allow that a woman is much better by nature, wiser by teaching, sweeter, lovelier, gentler, and yet he does not ask to change his lot with hers; if he were a beggar, and she a queen, he would not. He is found saying, in print and out of it, that women have by far the safest, easiest and pleasantest time of it; but still, somehow, he does not envy them enough to offer changing places with them. He will tell them, as he has often told them, that they are the real rulers of the world, and that in the sacred quality of daughter, wife and mother they are the holiest beings on earth; he bows down in worship to them, but he leaves them their altar. He does not think it any great thing to be a man, but he is not surprised that the objects of his idolatry should sometimes declare themselves eager to descend from their highest places and be men, in the dust and grime of affairs, in the din and heat of battle, and the wild, useless efforts to escape from the struggle of life. He understands that they wish to be men, in order to show men what men ought to be, and would be if they were women, and that they are not meaning permanently to be men, and he forgives to their ignorance and inexperience what he could not otherwise account for. He forgives it with a smile, and possibly with a chuckle."—W. D. Howells.

THE PROPER MOTOR HATS AND VEILS

The rapid pace at which the automobile travels, in spite of policeman-like warnings to "cut it down," renders the wearing of cartwheel hats uncomfortable as well as difficult. A close-fitting shape is the only convenient wear. The boat shape or toque is liked, also the "round hat" with upturned medium brim. Two big ribbon rosettes at the two sides in front and a bag-like veil which covers the face, as well as serves as scarf trimming, are seen on a good model. The veil must be gathered with a stout drawing string for six inches in the middle. If it is properly applied on the hat it cannot slip over the brim, and so drift off, as ill-applied veils have a habit of doing. Nothing is more infuriating than to feel your veil gently descending from the front of your hat brim and coming off around your neck.

The drawing in of face veils is also seen in the chiffon, tulle and plaided tissue veils of Mechlin net, silk thread and fish-net fabrics.

Where the brim is rolled up from the face the drawn-up veil must be applied to the crown a little below the level of the top of the brim, to prevent it slipping over and downward.

HOW TO PACK A TRUNK

THERE are but two things necessary for faultless trunk packing—time and tissue paper. It is absolutely necessary to take the time to sort out and fold clothes carefully and fit them to the space of your trunk, then to fill every crushable sleeve or puff or fold with tissue paper. Pack your skirts, petticoats, lingerie and negligees in the bottom of your trunk. your waists in the special trays, unless you are willing to bother with a hat box, which is much better.

Fold a skirt with the side seams folded lengthwise, leaving the front gore flat, until it is just the width of the trunk; then place it full length of the trunk, folding the top over and fitting in a roll of paper in the fold. Never fold a skirt three or four times and put it haphazard in any part of the trunk, or it is bound to be ruined.

All fancy waists should be hooked together stuffed with paper and the stuffed sleeves laid close to the sides. Place the waists lightly in a commodious tray, and with long pins pin tight in the tray.

Shirt waists are not stuffed with paper, but are laid flat in the second tray. If they are of light material, a little paper may be placed under the fronts to keep them from sagging. Hat trimmings are puffed out with paper, the crown is stuffed full of paper, and the hat pinned in the tray. It is a great mistake to stuff out hats and waists with heavy wearing apparel. It only does injury by additional crushing.

Do not pack books and little boxes in with clothes. Fill the corners of the trunk with stockings and any small piece of lingerie, and put books and boxes in a shawl-strap, and all toilet articles in a handbag.

GETTING AT THE TRUTH.

THOUSANDS of sermons have been preached against woman's extravagance, thousands of men are groaning under the tyranny of spendthrift wives, but neither the moralist nor the husband ever dreams that the fault lies in the man who carries his money in a belt and that a separate purse for the wife would stimulate her to economy instead of extravagance.

CAMERA LENSES NOW BOOTY FOR THIEVES

THE sale of camera lenses is a comparatively new branch of the pawnbroker's trade," said a dealer in photographic supplies, "but a large number from that source come to the trade to be refitted with shutters and flanges. A good lens costs anywhere from $50 to $150, and is as easy to raise money on as a good watch. But you will notice that the lenses you see in pawnbrokers' windows are without the flange. That is a sure sign they have been stolen. Very few sneak thieves know enough to lift out shutter and all, but they can get the lens and make away with it by a simple turn of the wrist. If a man who owned a camera were to take his naked lens to a pawnshop and say he owned it he would not be believed, and would have to be content with the extremely small loan usually made upon a stolen lens. Pawnbrokers are willing to take chances with them, because the risk of detection is almost nil, and the profits great when they make a sale. Amateur photographers, who know their business, can pick up a good many bargains in the pawnshops."